Alarmes. Enter Warwicke.

War. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For strokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force perforce, needs must I rest my selfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die vnlesse we gaine the day:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Least they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse, because I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field,

Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we lose the day.
George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiors harts,
And call them pillars that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trusty seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwicke, farewell.
War. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore, and Clifford at the other.

Rich. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford.*
Clif. A *Richard*, a *Richard.*
Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy curfed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.